

# Mr Slow Flow

## The Evidence

GO!

Step it up...  
Hear me, feel the funk, yeah

I can smoke a whole eighth in a spliff  
Some call that a problem but I call it a gift  
Hit the clutch then I start to shift  
Turn it up - light my dutch then start to drift  
Lost Angel, Westside rider  
The official, four-oh-five Friday, sound provider  
Underground hitman, hard to hire  
Unsigned death threats written in typewriters  
Poetic, I'm that type of writer  
Got that "Don't call me, I'll call you" type of fire  
Fake it 'til you make it, you're such a good liar  
Headliners used to not make the flyer  
Four-oh-one K, and I don't mean retire  
Chase loops, still war all day, I'm in denial  
Peace ain't the word to play - it's violence  
I ain't have shit good to say, so here's silence...

"I slow flows y'all to death"

Yeah, don't stress, emotions rest  
'Til they wanna see my best, as good as it gets  
Don't hold weak cards, don't hold regrets  
Players, don't change past the seventh inning stretch  
Learned from vets and they ain't pet doctors  
They the type they arrest in "Clockers"  
We sellin out these operas, and don't mean sing  
I mean opera house stage we rockin  
C-A, all day  
Reppin it, party time, excellent  
It's perfection kid, I'm not affectionate  
That's what my last girl said, too much estrogen  
(I'm in trouble) Yeah, that ain't PC  
But sometimes that ain't E-V (what can I do) I just feel that way  
Right now I'm on my J-O, issue payroll  
Speak in codes, 'til we reach another day

Ay light another one man~!  
I used to be Ice-T "Reckless" (RECKLESS)  
Wild out like I'd never see braekfast  
Nightmares, tiein dreamcatchers  
Tryin to run breathless, outta control  
I don't give orders, I make suggestions  
Then walk away! I've learned my lessons (Ev have patience)  
It's simple, they neglect it  
Win at chess, still lose at checkers  
That ain't weakness, it's a death wish  
Choke 'em out; another off the checklist  
I came too far not to be respected  
And drove too far to hear they closed the guestlist  
(You gotta be kiddin me) A new rain out the smokin bar  
Umbrellas up, these cats are dogs  
And just because it barely ever hails in L.A.

They say I can't reign the game and hail from H.A.?  
They crazy~!

When five-oh roll, they say what's the M.O.  
Another rapper was hit, by Mr. Slow Flow

"By Mr. Slow Flow" That's what they call me this year